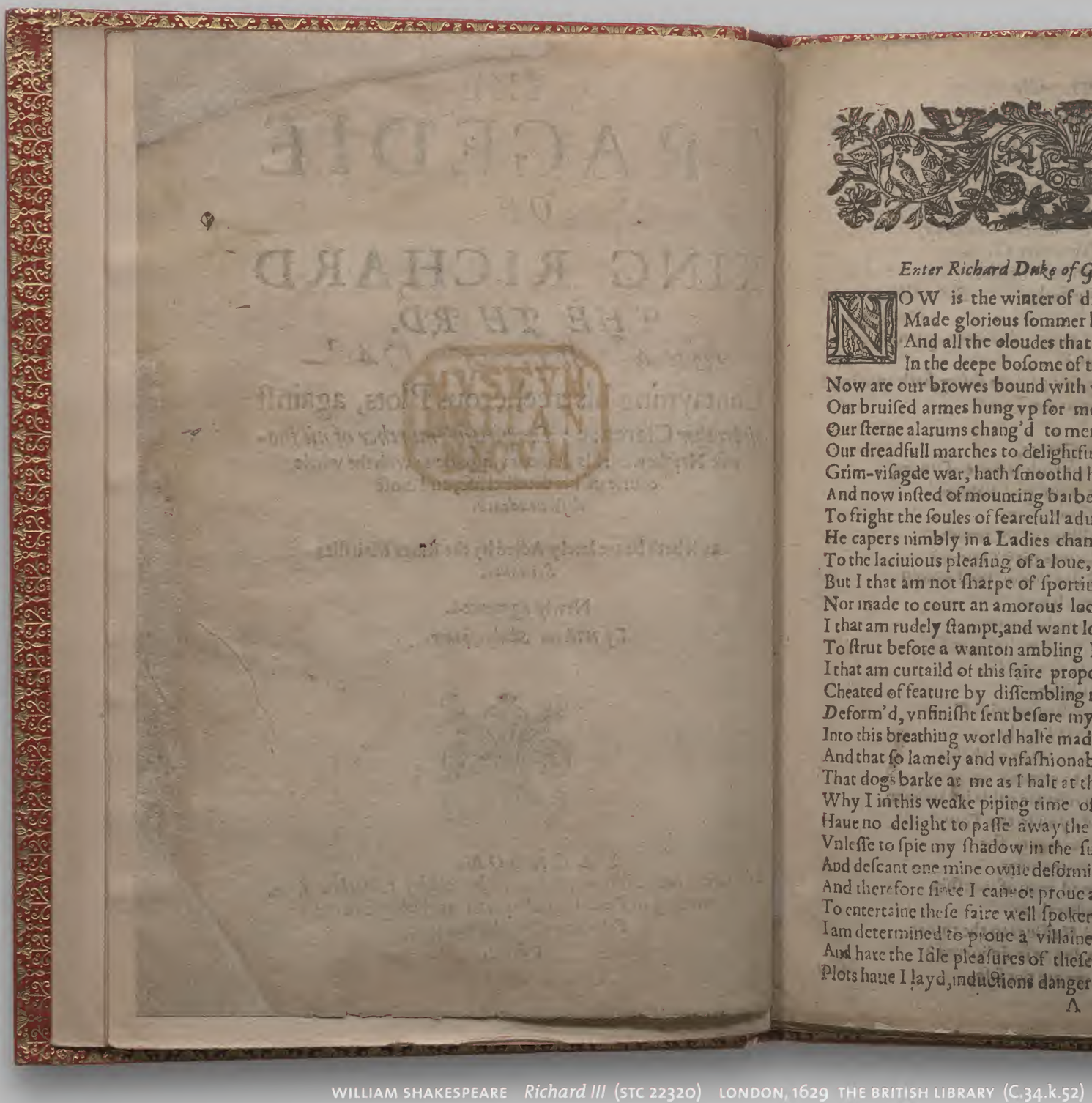

Enter Richard Duke of G

NOW is the winter of d
Made glorious ſommer
And all the cloudes that
In the deepe boſome of t
Now are our browes bound with
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for m
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to me
Our dreadfull marches to delightfu
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd
And now inſted of mounting barbe
To fright the ſoules of feareſull adu
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chan
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue,
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiu
Nor made to court an amorous loo
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want lo
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling
I that am curtaild of this faire propo
Cheated of feature by diſſembling
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent before my
Into this breathing world halfe mad
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionab
That dogs barke at me as I halt at th
Why I in this weake piping time o
Haue no delight to paſſe away the
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſu
And deſcant one mine owne deformi
And therefore ſince I cannot proue
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken
I am determined to proue a villaine
And hate the Idle pleaſures of theſe
Plots haue I layd, inductions danger

A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)